

The Yolo Democrat
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
W. M. SAUNDERS,
Editor and Proprietor.
Office—Freeman's Block, cor. 1st and Main Sts.
TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$4.00
If paid in advance, \$3.00
One copy, six months, \$2.00
In advance, \$1.50
One copy, three months, \$1.00
RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One square (10 lines or less), first insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, 50c.
A liberal discount made from above rates to quarterly or yearly advertisers.
Legal advertising at rates established by law.
Special notices in the local department, ten cents a line for the first and five cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

CAL. PACIFIC R.R. TIME-TABLE.
FOR SAN FRANCISCO AND SACRAMENTO.
Arrives 8:30 A.M. Leaves 12:30 P.M.
Arrives 12:30 P.M. Leaves 2:30 P.M.
Arrives 2:30 P.M. Leaves 4:30 P.M.
Arrives 4:30 P.M. Leaves 6:30 P.M.
No Sunday trains.

TO THE LADIES
Woodland and Yolo County!
MRS. OGBURN,
MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER.
Has on hand
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FALL & WINTER GOODS,
Of the Latest Styles.
Would be pleased to have the Ladies call and examine them, confident that she can please in the future as well as in the past. She also returns thanks for the liberal patronage she has heretofore received, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.
N.B.—Particular attention given to **DRESSMAKING!**
Ladies taught to Cut and Fit by Chart. Agency of the
New Weed Sewing Machine!
One of the most reliable in use.
Also, Agency for **SHIRTING & DYEING.**

Elston & White,
DEALERS IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
LIQUORS,
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
Miscellaneous Goods, Blank Books.
Agents for the sale of Bachelor's Celebrated **KEY-BRAND CIGARETTES** and **Gravelly's Fine CHEWING TOBACCO.**
Dealers supplied with Cigars at Manufacturers' rates.
Prescriptions carefully compounded Day or Night.
The Proprietors being experienced Druggists, STORE, OFF. POSTOFFICE, WOODLAND, CAL. delw

Forty Acres of Land
FOR SALE
ADJOINING THE TOWN OF WOODLAND.
The very desirable tract of land, containing forty acres, situated west of Elroy's corner on the south side of Main street, known as the **ELROY TRACT**, is now offered for sale, the owner having taken up his residence in another county. This is a splendid chance for investment.
At Woodland is the county seat and is growing steadily in size and importance. This site affords the advantages of a town without having to bear the taxation that land does within the incorporation. The soil is of the best quality, and as a water-ditch runs along the south side of it, can easily be irrigated.
For particulars, address **PATRICK CANBY,** Woodland, Colusa County, or inquire at this office. delw

DIETZ & KNOX,
WOODLAND.
CARRIAGE & WAGON MANUFACTORY
BUILERS OF
OMNIBUSES, HEARSE, HACKS,
LIGHT AND HEAVY BUGGIES.
Photons, Track Sulkeys, and in fact Everything in our Line.
We have on hand Light and Heavy Wagon, which are of the very best quality, also have the Patent Shaft Coupling, the finest ever invented, with which a change from Pole to Shaft can be made in twenty seconds. Can be put on any buggy. Makes no noise.
Done nicely and at low prices. All work warranted from one to two years.
Trimming, Painting, and Harness Making all in connection, and also warranted.
Give us a call. delw

French Restaurant,
2d Door West of Express Office, Woodland.
B. DENNERY, Prop'r.
Oysters in Every Style!
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
GAME AT ANY TIME IN THE SEASON.
Meals, Fifty Cents.
Oyster Stew, Twenty-Five Cents.
Raw Oysters, Twenty-Five Cents.
Elegantly Furnished Rooms by the Day, Week, or Month.

BENOIT BROS.,
FRENCH
MERCHANT TAILORS!
Have opened a FIRST-CLASS SHOP. All work done in the Best of Style and in the Latest Fashion. Good Fits guaranteed, and
No Work Allowed to Leave our Shop without giving satisfaction!
Be sure to call and examine our large and well selected stock before going elsewhere.
PRICES REASONABLE.
Suits to Order, \$25 to \$35. Pants, \$5.00 to \$14.
Three Doors West of Craft House, Main Street, Woodland. delw

MRS. W. W. PORTER & CO.,
FASHIONABLE
MILLINERY!
COLLEGE BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
WOODLAND, CAL.
FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS.
Agents for Butterick's Patterns; also The Remington Sewing Machine and Attachments. delw
S. A. WOLFE,
PHOTOGRAPHER.
S. W. Cor. J and 5th Street, Sacramento.

STATE HOUSE,
Corner K and Tenth Streets, - Sacramento.
Board and Lodging, \$8.00 to \$12.00 per Week
Single Meals, 25c. Board, \$4.00
Single Rooms, 50c. Family Rooms, \$1.50 to \$2.00
Fine Wines at the Bar. A Billiard Room attached. (Street Cars pass the door every 15 minutes.)
Free Omnibus to and from the House. delw

CAUTION.
Madison, Yolo Co., Cal., Jan. 25, 1879.
All persons are hereby cautioned not to trust the boy that I have raised up from childhood, generally known by the name of Louis Seabolt, but his real name is Luther Brown Lake. I will pay no bills that he may contract, as he has left my place without cause or provocation.
J. A. SEABOLT.
ELY SEABOLT.

A CARD.
WOODLAND, Jan. 27th, 1879.
To GEO. D. FISKE, Manager, Yolo County Branch of the HOME Mutual Ins. Co. of Cal. I hereby acknowledge the receipt of Three Hundred Dollars—being the full amount of insurance on my house which was burned by the fire of January 24th, insured under Policy No. 81,865 in your Company. I take pleasure in recommending the Company to the public as one well worthy its patronage.
J. A. HUBBARD.

J. L. MACHEFERT,
JEWELRY STORE
CRAFT HOTEL BUILDING,
Woodland, Cal.
Clocks, Watches, Chains, Ladies Gold Sets, Solid and Plated Ware, Gold Pens, Spectacles, and everything in the Jewelry line. delw

A CARD.
Parties wishing the EASTMOND & CO. TIE PATENT SYSTEM OF VENTILATION applied to their Water-Closets, Ceilings or Vaults will please leave their orders at **Newton's Lumber Yard**, or **W. T. Costler, Crafts Block**, will be pleased to furnish any information or references required. delw

\$5,000.
Farm for Sale—160 Acres
OF GOOD WHEAT LAND!
Credit of one-half will be given if desired for one or two years. Inquire at
my24w
A. C. KEAN.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
M. H. TORRENCE, Proprietor,
East Main St., Woodland.
The table is supplied with the best of everything in the market.
Good Rooms Well Furnished.
Rates reasonable. delw

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES!
The Great British Remedy. There is unquestionably no other remedy so certain in its effects. **ASTHMA, WINTER COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, AND DISORDERS OF THE THROAT** are cured by its use. The highest medical testimony states no better cure for these complaints exists (now proved by over half a century's experience). They contain no opium, morphia or any violent agent. **KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES**, prepared by **THOMAS KEATING**, London, Britain, are sold by all druggists. Agents for the Pacific Coast, **REID & CO., 207 LANGLEY & CO., San Francisco.** delw

FRAZER & CO.,
Having purchased the well known and popular
MEAT MARKET
Heretofore conducted by **Johnson & Moss** by over half a century's experience, and the public generally. Bills will be collected monthly.
Market in College Block,
CORNER MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.
Meat Delivered anywhere in Town. delw

FOR COIN.
Want coin, and going to have some at any sacrifice. I have a stock of gold and silver coins for sale at a low price. I will make Card Photos at \$1.00 and \$2.00
PER DOZEN!
Cabinets, for \$25.00 to \$50.00
On and after Monday, December 31st.
This offer will be only for a time and liable to be shut down on at any time. So take advantage right off; don't wait for later. delw
KING, Photo.

RACE FOR 1880.
A GRAND COLT RACE, single dash of a mile, to rule, will come off over the Woodland Race Track in October, 1880, under the following conditions: This race is free for all. Colts raised in Yolo County of the fall of 1878, the entrance to be \$250, with a forfeit of \$100. Entrances to close May 1st, 1879. The money is forfeit to be put at interest at one per cent. per month until the day of the race. Persons desiring to enter for this race will apply to **JOHN SEABOLT** for further particulars.
ENTRIES
J. B. Pookman owner of colt "Jack."
David Grunertson Norfolk colt "Jaybird."
N.B.—Whenever an entry is made, a deposit of the forfeit (\$100) will be required. delw

WOOD WANTED—SOME SUITABLE
for fireplaces, about 20 inches in length, to be paid by subscription to Daily or Weekly Democrat. delw

FISH! AUGUSTE DIEUDONNE
Has taken charge of this popular track and invites the patronage of horse men, and the public. Every thing will be conducted strictly on the square. delw

J. E. O'FARRELL,
COUNTY SURVEYOR.
Office in the Court House, Woodland, Yolo County, Cal. delw
ED. MARSHALL, J. CRAIG, W. H. GRANT,
MARSHALL, CRAIG & GRANT,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW.
Special attention to Patent Suits and Probate Cases. Excelsior Block, Woodland. delw

C. E. FINKHAM, M.D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office over the Bank, Woodland, Cal. Office hours, 8 to 9 A.M., 12 to 2 and 7 to 8 P.M. Sun. days, 2 to 4 P.M. delw
GREED HAYMOND, DAWSON C. ALLEN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.
Office over Gillig, Mott & Co's, No. 63 street, Sacramento. delw

J. C. BAIL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND COMMISSIONER IN BANKRUPTCY.
Office—Over Bank of Woodland, Main Street, Woodland, Cal. delw
L. WELLES, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
(Dentist, Art, Woodland and Geberthaler's.)
Office and Residence—First house on First, South of Main Street. delw

DR. E. L. FARRARSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office, opposite Postoffice, Woodland, Cal. Orders may be left at Elston & White's Drug Store. delw
DR. GEORGE H. JACKSON,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.
Office, one door west of Express Office; Residence, Second St., between Lincoln and Oak Avenues. delw

DR. W. T. LUCAS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office, over Thomas & Bidwell's Store, Main Street, Woodland. delw
E. H. BUSH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Searcher of Records and Conveyancer.
Office in Court House, Woodland, Cal. delw

W. B. TREADWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Woodland, Cal. Office at the Court House. delw
F. E. BAKER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
And Notary Public.
Practices in District and Supreme Courts. Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland. delw

L. B. HOLMES, J. W. PRATHER,
DENTISTS.
Office in Bank Building. All work warranted first-class. Terms reasonable. delw
THOMAS ROSS, M.D.C.M.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at Proctor's Drug Store, Residence, College Street, fourth house south of Main. delw

DR. A. STRONG,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at Proctor's Drug Store, Woodland. Calls promptly responded to at all hours. delw
STERLING G. HARPER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State. Office over Thomas & Bidwell's Store, Woodland. delw

DR. A. B. MERRITT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Orders left at Proctor's Drug Store will be promptly attended to. delw
DR. B. H. PIERSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at Proctor's Drug Store, Woodland. delw

WOODLAND VARIETY STORE!
Opposite College, Main Street, Woodland, Cal.
Full stock of Stationery & School Books, CIGARS, TOBACCO, CANDIES, TOYS, Pictures, Frames, Amusements, Cutlery and Variety Goods. Catholic Books and Pictures a specialty.
GEO. C. LUTTS.
delw

C. W. PROCTOR,
PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,
Dealer in Drugs, Chemicals, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, AND DRUGGISTS' Sundries.
UNDER CRAFT HOTEL, MAIN ST., WOODLAND. delw

J. W. KING,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Over Porter & Co., Woodland, Cal.
None but first-class work allowed to leave this office. delw
COME AND SEE US. delw

J. K. SMITH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
FURNITURE AND BEDDING.
COLLEGE BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
WOODLAND, CAL., opp. the Craft House.
UNDESKATING promptly attended to.
A fine new heating connection with the business. delw

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.
[From our Special Correspondent.]
SACRAMENTO, Feb. 3, 1879.
EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—This is the one hundred and thirtieth day since the grave body now in session took its seat in the Assembly Chamber of the Capitol. That chamber has witnessed many curious scenes; has had many persons within its walls, but never before a body of men composed of such widely diversified opinions, nor ever by a body of men possessing such a variety of hobbies to ride. I now see the wisdom of limiting the time and the time of the Convention. If time and money had been offered there, there is no sage so wise as to be able to estimate how much of each would have been expended, and yet forsooth these men of economy! I am well mightily tired of Arnold talk of love of country. Jeffrey talk of mercy, or Bob Ingersoll's tribute to religion, as these men expend their breath in talking about poor "taxpayers," "less expense," and "saving treasure." Do they not all know that actions speak louder than words? To illustrate, cannot even the Honorable member from Sacramento, Dr. Caples, see that the people will laugh at his professions of economy and love of the people when he is denouncing the charities that by the present Constitution the Legislature are permitted to bestow upon the orphans if the Legislature think it wise? Does the Honorable member, Mr. West, not know that people will judge of his economy, like the economy of Dr. Caples, by the time he wastes upon the floor of the Convention with the expectation of ten dollars per day? People may judge wrongly, but they have a straight forward way of giving their opinions and professions of economy won't do. Show your practical, gentlemen. I won't do to say the money has run out and we are now working on credit. Why, if these men don't get their pay at ten dollars per day in their present lives, their heirs or the lobby will be asking for it in February, 1879, and then they will demand the interest.
The Convention is now on the LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENT.
They have got down to section 23; so they have done some work, but not much. Much time was spent on the Apportionment of the members of the Legislature, and after some bitter discussion our present basis was adopted.
The article on Incorporations is a good one and I think will meet the approbation of the people of the State.
The Railroad Commission is objected to in certain quarters, but it seems to me that these men will so far feel their responsibility to the people as not to be influenced improperly by the railroad and carrying companies, and do right. If the Commission have the moral courage and will to do right, they have the power delegated to do so, and if men are going to be dishonest, how can any Legislative or Constitutional enactment prevent it?
ORPHAN ASYLUMS.
Under section 22 a most inhuman and cruel raid was on made the Orphan Asylums of California. It was proposed to leave the giving of aid to the discretion of the Legislature, but immediately a Mr. West, of Los Angeles, and Dr. Caples, of Sacramento, and one Reynolds, of San Francisco, all smelled a "nigger in the fence" and went after the little fellow. These three then re-arranged the Legislature as corrupt, as horribly defiled. The Dr. had the treasury fortified, but he and behold, the orphans had the moral courage and will to do right, that he and his friends had reaped around the money bags. Mr. West had discovered a mare's nest in the log-rolling system, and rushed about violently declaring that that was the way the tax-payers had been robbed in times past by "log-rolling." I thought I was again at a log-rolling in western Pennsylvania. But Reynolds shouted "lobby! lobby!" "sextarian! sextarian!" He talked long and slow, so as to let all know that he was in earnest about protecting the treasury from these little innocents, these little waifs. He called them the "so-called orphans."
One of the Delegates was sent to Stockton at the beginning of the session, and it is to be hoped that no more will be. Mr. Reynolds was quite loud at times and quite peaceable at others. When one is defending great interests, deliberation is becoming, and Mr. Reynolds is deliberative. Mr. Tinnin wanted the orphans taken care of at home; he was also afraid to trust the Legislature. He ought to know; he has been in that generally called corrupt body, but he may have reformed, or indeed, may never have been corrupt, so we ought not to judge hastily.
When a boy in Pennsylvania, I have seen the overseers of the poor sell them to the lowest bidder. Of course this is a part and parcel of these gentlemen's economy. The wretch who will keep the poor for the least, although he will keep them the worst, ought of course to have the job. This is economy! Oh, what a profanation of the word!
Well, section 23 is about the consideration of a cheap cheap legislation can be had for Filcher was willing to give him six dollars a day, and this because he would not have much left to do. All special legislation is taken away from him, and all the time he can spend is 60 days and he may easily, if he tries, do up all the business in 20 days. This will make \$120. Now when you consider his board, his washing, his clothes, his ticket and his time, it must be a pretty cheap fellow who will work for \$120 the session. Cheap labor is now the motto, or rather, it is to be after this Convention has adjourned, for after this Convention has adjourned will cost the State, when paid up, at least \$350,000. Oh, what consistency! Gentlemen, who cry out economy with your lips, don't give the poor taxpayer's money to the poor helpless child—let it starve, make others cheap, if they should starve, who make all these professions and keep your arms to the elbows in the State Treasury will ultimately be weighed in the balance and be found wanting. The people will say we can keep our poor orphans with your lips, don't give the poor taxpayer's money to the poor helpless child—let it starve, make others cheap, if they should starve, who make all these professions and keep your arms to the elbows in the State Treasury will ultimately be weighed in the balance and be found wanting. The people will say we can keep our poor orphans with your lips, don't give the poor taxpayer's money to the poor helpless child—let it starve, make others cheap, if they should starve, who make all these professions and keep your arms to the elbows in the State Treasury will ultimately be weighed in the balance and be found wanting. 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The Halo Democrat.

WOODLAND, WYO. CO., CAL.
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1879.

The Old Days.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Yes, dear departed, cherished days,
Could memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays
From time's gray and more, more,
Then might this restless heart be still,
This strange eye might close,
And hope her fainting pinions fold,
While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment further from the shore
Where life's young fountains gleam;
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wider rolls the sea;
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
Day breaks—and where are we?

He That Loves a Rosy Cheek.

THOMAS CADEW.

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from staid eyes does seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes those decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

The Maid of Tlemcen.

A TRUE STORY.

The beautiful and picturesque city of Oran, in Algeria, was, on the fourth of March, 1832, the scene of much noise and commotion.

The French troops, under General Boyer, who were at that time garrisoning Oran, were in a state of great excitement. By some unknown means the news had spread that an expedition was being fitted out against the renowned chieftain Abd-el-Kader.

Puffing ordies, blown horses and dusty uniforms were to be seen in every direction, and the neighborhood of the headquarters of General Boyer was the scene of some lively debates. For ten days past all communication with the exterior and interior had been forbidden; watchful sentries paced solemnly round the walls, while the numerous outposts arrested and searched all persons entering the city, and trust themselves within the lines.

It was six o'clock in the evening, and the last rays of the departing sun lingered in a crimson career on the summits of the neighboring hills.

The inhabitants of Oran were suffering severely from this military quarantine; and milk, fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, etc., were very scarce articles in the market. Indeed, the Algerian merchants took but little pains to conceal their disgust, and many a smothered curse reached the ears of gayly dressed French officers as, with clanking swords and ringing spurs, they sauntered under the shade of the trees lining the waterside, or smoked their cigarettes with philosophical beatitude, as they sipped their *petit verre* in some comfortable cafe.

One group, noisier than the rest, was gathered outside the Cafe de la France, on the Place d'Armes. It was composed of about twenty young officers, and their uproarious laughter attracted the attention of every passer-by. One officer, a stout, portly personage, evidently of high rank, seemed to lead the fun, and his fat sides shook like a small earthquake as he applauded each new joke.

Suddenly their attention was attracted toward a beautiful girl, who, standing in the centre of the Place d'Armes, was handing a piece of bread to a beggar. When she saw that she was beautiful in the extreme, she only faintly desisted from the style of her excessive loveliness.

Her form might have compared with that of the Venus de Medici, while her magnificent dark hair and flashing brown eyes told of a proud and haughty spirit.

Yet this lovely girl was literally clad in rags. Her beautiful feet were bare, and her dusty and sun-burned face bore the traces of a long walk across a rough country. Her splendid hair hung in luxuriant disorder round her well-molded neck, and a plain little cap, poorly ornamented by a few imitation sequins, alone served to cover her head.

Around her waist were two turns of a leather sash, supporting a basket containing flowers and fruit.

"What a splendid girl!" cried the stout officer. "What a splendid girl!"

"Sapristi! Yes," echoes a beardless sub-lieutenant.

"Here, ma belle!" shouts the stout officer. "Here, have a look at your flowers."

The object of their attention hears the call, for hastily hiding a look of deep disgust and hatred under a smiling exterior, she closely saunters toward the group of officers.

"Well, what do you want?" she asks with provoking impudence.

"Come here and we'll tell you," answered one of the soldiers.

She was surrounded by a circle of officers, who willingly bought her fruit and flowers for the pleasure of exchanging a few words with her.

Unlike the generosity of her countrywomen, she spoke French tolerably, and thus was able to sustain a conversation with the militaires.

The beardless sub-lieutenant ventured to touch her neck in a semi-impertinent and sheepish manner, but the fierce "Shoynah Lascar" with which his advances were met not only checked his impertinence, but restrained the others from taking liberties.

The stout officer, especially, seemed struck by her beauty.

"What a magnificent premiere danseuse she would make! Why, she would take Paris by surprise, and the Theatre des Varietes by assault," he exclaimed, gazing at her admiringly.

A mounted orderly dashes up to the cafe, and hands a note to the colonel, for such was the rank of the stout officer. He hastily opens it, and his face immediately takes on a serious look.

The other officers notice the change in his expression, and gathering in small groups, they converse in a low voice.

No one notices the flower-girl; all seem to have forgotten her presence. Suddenly, with a quick, panther-like movement, she tears the note from the colonel's hand, drops her basket, and before the officers can recover from their surprise, she has dashed through an open door and disappeared.

"After her, curse you! Stop her! She has a most important order!" yells the colonel. Twenty young officers start in pursuit, but only to return crestfallen and ashamed, and own that they had been fooled by a woman.

The scene changes to the ancient city of Tlemcen. The gallant chief, Abd-el-Kader, sits in solemn council with his trusty warriors. It is midnight; a deathlike stillness prevails throughout the town. A glimmering light or watchful sentry alone betrays the presence of living beings.

The ancient walls of Tlemcen seem deserted. Everything breathes quiet and sleep.

The council of war slowly breaks up, and its members are all retiring, when a powerfully-built Arab hastily enters the hall, bearing in his arms the lifeless form of a woman.

"Most noble marabout, we found this woman in a fainting condition at the entrance to the bastion. She implored to be immediately carried to your presence. I have done so," says the intruder.

"You have done well," answers Kader, and suddenly recognizes the face of the senseless woman, he exclaims, "It is Mirza, the last of the El-Uffas!"

His eye now encounters her clinched hand. Hastily forcing it open, he extracts a piece of paper. It is the note abstracted from the French colonel.

"To arrest! Man the walls!" shouts Abd-el-Kader.

"General Boyer and his cursed Lascars are upon us."

Not a minute too soon. For in the distance could be heard the approach of the French troops, who, under cover of the night, had sought to surprise the gallant Emir.

Forward dash the French troops with a cheer, but the walls of Tlemcen send back an echo of fire and lead.

"See, they wave," shouts Abd-el-Kader. "Open the gates and charge for God and Mahomet his prophet!"

Led by their valiant chief, the Arab horsemen throw themselves upon the French columns, who, astonished at the non-success of their plans and fearing treachery, retreat in disorder. The retreat becomes a flight, and the Arabs are soon cutting down fugitives by the hundred.

Foremost in the pursuit is a beautiful female mounted on a splendid steed, wielding a Turkish scimitar, alternately cutting down a French soldier, or cheering on the Arabs, rides Mirza, the last of the El-Uffas.

Suddenly she reels and falls from her horse. A passing shot from a fleeing Frenchman has pierced that noble heart.

She was buried on the field of battle, and till within a few years, a large marabout marked the last resting-place of the Maid of Tlemcen.

Mirza was the only survivor of the large tribe called the El-Uffas, who were so treacherously massacred by the French General, Savary, Duke of Revojo, in 1831. From a girl she had vowed eternal hatred to the invaders, and she had been used by Abd-el-Kader as a spy.

It was on one of these expeditions in search of news that she had seized the note addressed to the colonel, and had thereby become informed of the projected surprise of Tlemcen, at that time the headquarters of Abd-el-Kader.

With the utmost difficulty she managed to escape from Oran, and informed Abd-el-Kader in time, and thus enabled him to defeat the enemies of their country and religion.

A Few Precepts From Confucius.

"Be severe to yourself and indulgent to others; you thus avoid all resentment."

"The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct; the right forms the rule of his behavior; deference and modesty mark his exterior; sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishment."

"Love the people, and the people will be virtuous; the virtue of a great man is like the wind; the virtue of the humble is like the grass; when the wind passes over it the grass inclines its head."

"Children should practice filial piety at home, and paternal deference abroad; they should be attentive in their actions, sincere and true in their words, loving all with the whole force of their affection."

"Return equity and justice for evil done to you, and pay goodness by goodness."

"Without the virtue of humility, one can neither be honest in poverty, nor contented in abundance."

"Real virtue consists in integrity of heart and loving your neighbor as yourself."

"What I desire that others should not do for me, I equally desire not to do to them."

"Think not of faults committed in the past, when one has reformed his conduct."

AN INTERVIEW WITH WILHELM.—Wilhelm, the great fiddler, passed through Oil City yesterday, on his way East. A *Derick* representative was delegated to interview the renowned artist, with the following result:

Reporter—"How do you like this country thus far?"

Wilhelm—"Verj mnehi, indej; it is a great country. I have seen a great many things here; I have seen a great many things; I think this country is destined to be a great one; I do, indeed."

Reporter—"Would you not like to take off in Oil City and play for a dance on the 'fats' to-night?"

Wilhelm—"Goi toj fotospontj." Just then the train moved off, which was no doubt a fortunate circumstance for the reporter.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Several young men of Milton, Pa., the other evening in sport induced a colored man to drink three pints of whiskey, when he became unconscious. They put him out of doors, thinking the cold air would revive him. After being out three or four hours he was found nearly frozen to death, and next day he died.

Lord Baconfield makes it a rule never to lend his name to any undertaking in the management of which he is unable to take part.

The Whistle.—An Old Story Retold.

"You have heard," said a youth to a maiden who stood beside him as he sat on a corn-sheaf one evening about quitting time; "you have heard, I dare say, of the Danish boy's whistle of wood? I would give two dollars and a half if that Danish boy's whistle were mine."

The maiden had heard of the wonderful things which could be accomplished by means of the magic whistle, and, coloring slightly, said:

"And what would you do with it, pray?" while a smile played over her beautiful face, extending clear round to her ears.

"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid would fly to my side and sit down on the same corn-sheaf with me, which would make me extremely happy and make it a matter of supreme importance to me whether the magic whistle, or how much corn might be a bushel."

"Is that all you wish it for?" exclaimed the maid, with a laugh that started a covey of birds in the next row.

"That may be yours within any magic, but to slight one could not find it in one's heart to deny, you know, and she playfully seized herself by his side and drummed with her little heels in the furrow."

"I would blow it again," said the youth, and began to see how matters were drifting.

"I would blow the thing again, and the one fair woman beneath the sun could not resist the charm, and would lay her fair arm upon my shoulder."

She smiled—and laid her fair arm round his neck.

The young man was taken completely by surprise, but managed to bear up under it, although, as he confessed to the writer, it was by all odds the greatest effort of his life.

A young man of his age is never satisfied, but is always reaching out and grasping after the unattainable, as it were, and after drinking in for a moment the nectar of the situation, so to speak, exclaimed:

"Yet once more would I blow it. This time I would give it the awfullest blast that was ever heard this side of the crack of doom, and the music divine would bring me the third time an unrepeatable pleasure. She would lay her fair cheek to this brown one of mine, and her lips would meet mine in a kiss, I'm quite sure; at least I hope so."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee, just as any other young lady would do under the same circumstances, and said:

"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd make, to be sure! Now just consider for a moment how silly it would be to sit on a corn-sheaf, like a knot on a log, and crack your cheeks whistling for what you might take."

This almost took the youth's breath. He immediately reached for the lovely creature, but, strange to relate, did not find her. She had anticipated him, and was already breaking through the cornstalks for home, while he laughed and determined to seek him, reminding him that he had an engagement at home to gnaw a file.

An Alleged Funny Man.

El Perkins had a large audience at Boonville on Saturday night, and fulfilled one of the expectations of the residents. He began at eight o'clock sharp, but didn't continue a bit sharp.

He said he would continue until some one requested him to stop, but the audience took revenge on him, and put their powers of endurance against his, and with quiet determination to send him through. He kept up the clatter for over two hours, and then quit. They didn't rise at once; they waited, and one of those present, when asked why they did so, said that having been promised a quiet determination to send him through, he wouldn't begin again—on the funny part.

Eli has a habit of getting some one to introduce him. Down in Kentucky a stranger was solicited to do this service, because no resident wanted to take such a responsibility, fearing the vengeance of a mob. The stranger rose at the proper time, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen:—At the request of prominent citizens, I have consented to introduce the lecturer of the evening. Here Eli rose, but the gentleman above him, instead of taking a chair and continued: "This reminds me of an experience I once had at a country dance in Indiana. I was a stranger to nearly all present, as I am here. I met another young man equally a stranger. He wanted a partner, so I introduced him to the lady of my choice. He introduced him to a lady if he would do the same service for me, and carried out my part of the programme. I knew his name but I did not know the name of a lady in the house, so I determined to overcome that difficulty by strategy. I walked in up in front of a young lady and said: 'Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Montgomery.' The young lady bowed to him, then turned her eyes on me, and said: 'I'll just allow you to get some one to introduce you first.' I turned around and introduced the lady you expect, I don't want you to blame me, for he is as great a stranger to me as I am to you, and I don't want you to throw me out the window, as that crowd in Indiana did, for introducing a man who had just been introduced to myself. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce Eli Perkins."

Eli rose amid laughter and applause and began his lecture, and when he had finished, after an hour and a half without raising a laugh, the audience cleared for the introducer to tell them some more jokes to supply the defects in Eli's mournful bore.—*Evansville Tribune.*

Dr. Julius Millingen, who was a successful archaeologist and discoverer of the physical remains of Lord Byron in his last illness, has just died at Constantinople. He was once in the service of the Sultan Mahmud II., and became physician to the Sultan, mother of Abdul Medjid. Millingen was three times married. From whom he subsequently separated; while she embraced Islam and entered the harem of the Grand Vizier, Kybrylai Mehmed Paacha. Her son, Frederick Millingen, became a Turk, taking the name of Osman Bey, and entered the Turkish army. Later on he visited several European cities, giving lectures and writing pamphlets on Turkish affairs; and lately, passing to the other extreme, he has been metamorphosed into Alkaid Andrejivich de Russia, and received baptism according to the rite of the Greek Church.

The theatrical business throughout the country presents an encouraging aspect.

The Terrible Garrote.

The cable dispatches say Moncaes suffered death by the garrote, but many in this country do not know how the Spanish method of execution is conducted. To those the following description will be of interest:

An execution by the garrote, although credited with being mercifully painless, is certainly awful to behold. The place of execution in Madrid is accessible to the public, and the occasion is of equal interest with a day at the bull ring. Everything connected with this ceremony of death is viewed with morbid horror by the Spaniards because of ancient Oriental prejudices of pollution. All actually employed in the operation are accounted infamous and lose their caste and purity of blood.

Even the gloomy scaffold on which the culprit is strangled is usually erected in the night and by unseen hands. It rises from the earth like a fungus growth of darkness. Execution by hanging was graciously abolished by Ferdinand VII. It is certainly more in accordance with the semi-Oriental nature of the Spanish people, which leads them to tenderly respect the bowstring. All that Cervantes, from his sad experience, pictured a prisoner to be, is to-day; all that he said of the morbid love of his countrymen for the horrible or the ludicrous is equally true now.

At the fatal hour the culprit appears, usually clad in a coarse, yellow baize gown—the color in which the Spanish school of painters robe the special object of their contempt, Judas Iscariot. The scaffold having been named, the Lord's prayer is placed on a rude seat. His back leans against a strong, upright post, to which an iron collar is attached, inclosing his neck, and so contrived as to be drawn home by turning a powerful screw behind the post.

The screws are tightly bound. When all is ready, the executioner takes the lever of the screw in both hands, gathers himself up for a powerful muscular effort, and at the moment of a preconcerted signal, draws the collar down, and an attendant flings a black handkerchief over the face. A convulsive pressure of the hands and a heaving of the chest are usually the only visible signs of suffering.

Colored Virtue in Richmond, Va.

The colored population has a great number of churches here, as in Washington, and the various denominations claim most of the negroes who are inclined to piety. Six colored churches societies in Richmond aggregate almost 12,000 members, and one church alone has had an increase of 650 members in the past year. The colored Baptists far outnumber the other denominations. Of benevolent orders and associations, the colored people have many. The colored population has so many that it seems as if every man, woman and child not white, in the city, must be a member of some one or two societies. Masons and Odd Fellows, Knights Templars and United Brethren, and True Reformers, are very numerous, and the Fidelity, Friendly, Charity, Good Will, Social Greeting, Honesty and Christian Union, the Sons of Temperance hold very frequent meetings. The colored population needs temperance societies, for liquor does its insidious work among them with great effect. Some of the colored societies have exceedingly funny names, and among them are the Independent Daughters of the Rising Sons of Messiah, the Silver Star Daughters, the Sons and Daughters of Ruth, the Rising Daughters of Victory, the Sons of Love, the Starlight Club, the Galleons, and others decidedly too numerous to mention.—*Edwin King in Boston Journal.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS A SLEEPER.—Napoleon was remarkable for his power of doing without sleep; he very seldom slept more than three or four hours. The Duke of Wellington possessed a singular power of sleeping at will; and doubtless this faculty, possessed by the great Earl of Chatham, greatly contributes to efficient action and mental power. On arriving at St. Sebastian, during the Peninsular War, the Duke was informed that the breaching batteries would not be ready for two hours. The Duke, turning to his aid-camp, "the best thing we can do, Burghers, is to go to sleep." Dismounting, he lay down in a trench, and was fast asleep in a moment, and Lord Burghers speedily followed his example. On another occasion, when the army was in full retreat, an officer suddenly announced the near approach of the aid-de-camp, the Duke said, "Send the man in. You have been hotly pursued all the day." He then said, "The troops must be tired?" "Dead beat, my lord." "Then the French must be dead beat, too—they won't attack to-night. That will do." Before the officer and aid-de-camp were well out of the tent he was fast asleep again.

Can a photographer legally sell to any one a copy of the photograph of a person taken by him for private use? The important question is to be brought up before the English courts for decision. A lady refused her photograph to an admirer. He, not to be balked in his passion, went to her photographer and bought a copy of her picture. Whereupon the lady brings suit to punish, if possible, the offending artist for selling her without permission.

The Rev. Jack Walkington, the Rev. Poor Wolf and the Rev. Mr. Whirlwind are members of the Cherokee Indian Baptist Association in the Indian Territory.

Abandoned.

The ice crash has been replete with grandeur and the precursor of sorrow as well. Many will be the romances, the dangers, the escapes and deaths it will leave in the memory of the people who live along the banks of the Ohio.

One story of sorrow has already come to light, and is worth laying before the readers of the *Courier-Journal*. The tale, as told the reporter, is as follows:

A few miles from the town of Winchester, Ohio, lived a fine-looking girl, named Belle Guthrie. Her mother and father are both living. About two or three months ago she became enamored of a young adventurer, named Charles Small, and by some kind of promise she was induced to fly from her home with him.

Together they went to Gallipolis, Ohio, where he was furnished with various articles of trade by the Hall Brush and Broom Manufacturing Company; with these articles he stocked a small coasting boat, and proposed to the poor girl to take a sail down the winding Ohio. A young fellow named Frank Brown was hired by Small at the rate of \$2 a day to accompany them on their expedition, and help manage the "fishing boat."

The young couple expected to have a gay time of it, and for a time their expectations were realized. They put up first at one town and then at another. They had the beautiful scenery and the moonlight nights to assist in realizing the romantic. But Small was not all that the lady's fancy pictured him to be. If her story be true, and there is little doubt about it, he was more than designing villain, and when the cold winds blew and the storm raged, he was unable to "stand the racket."

The cold winds did blow and the storm did rage when the party arrived at Towles Island, and anchored close to shore. Here they remained for some time, and their condition became very pitiable. Small saw that the bottom would soon be knocked out of the romance of the thing, and having more regard for the safety of his own person than that of the girl, he left her boat and his victim a few days ago in the dead hour of night.

Yesterday, in order to make her condition worse, Frank Brown left her a short time before daybreak. She was in a terrible condition as regards clothing and victuals. Early yesterday morning John Stelsly and Jerry Edwards, of this city, thought it would be a good day to go hunting. They accordingly got their "traps" together and went down to the river immediately opposite Towles Island.

The ice here was solid from the shore to the island, and the two men crossed over upon it. They had just begun to hunt when they heard a female voice screaming:

"Help! help! save me!" It was some time before they could find out whence the voice proceeded. Eventually they discovered that it came from the direction of the coasting boat moored at the head of the island. They ran down to the river and saw a young woman standing upon a rock in the water, looking up at them with a frightened expression. The boat had been cut loose by the masses of ice which had crashed against it, and there was every possibility of its being crushed into splinters and of the girl being crushed to death.

The gorge at that point was forty feet high and the chunks of ice were grinding and cutting each other. Trees along the banks were cut through as easily as if a circular saw were employed. The men hardly liked to venture upon such perilous ground, as there was a prospect of their being killed in the seething ice. The girl was pretty, however, and was menaced by death. When did manliness ever refuse succor to a beauty in distress? They jumped out upon the gorge and walked almost up to the edge. On the other side of the boat they saw a large mass of ice bearing directly upon it. Their hearts almost ceased to beat at the sight of it. Instead, however, of smashing the boat to pieces, it bore it gently toward the shore and landed it high and dry upon the land. A more appalling sight than the ice presented, Mr. Stelsly says he never saw. Large sheets of it, twelve feet thick, could be seen rising perpendicularly and turning over after fashing their whiteness in the air.

The girl was found almost frozen and nearly starved. Stelsly and Edwards were greeted by a large crowd when they took the girl to the shore. They secured her lodgings in the house of a respectable family, and she will be carefully nursed. She declares that this will be a lesson which she will never forget as long as she lives. When rescued by the gallant hunters, she was weeping bitter tears at the thought of her pitiable condition and the part which she had played in her own misfortune. She said that they had not the least idea in the world whither she had strayed.

Mr. Stelsly will apply to Mayor Baxter for a pass to Winchester to-day, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to locate the unfortunate girl. A lot of curries combs, brooms, etc., were found on the little boat, and these will, in all probability, be sold for the girl's benefit. Messrs. Stelsly and Edwards deserve warm thanks for securing her, and for the danger she was in.

They saw that death was impending as long as they walked over the gorge, but the girl's piteous appeals overcame any reluctance they had. She is now in good hands, and should be sent home as soon as practicable. As a parting suggestion, would it not be well to look out for the scoundrel who deserted her?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN MINES.—The London Mining Journal points out that, in the success of the electric light would solve one of the most important problems affecting the lives of many persons now working in mines.

"There appears to be no reason," says the Journal, "why electricity should not be made applicable for mining purposes, and this would effect what our mining engineers and foremost chemists have long been looking for. It would give the men a light such as they had never dreamed of, enabling them to get much larger quantities of coal in a given time, than it is possible for them to bring down by the light of the lamp, which rarely suffices to make the blackness of the working places visible. It would also benefit both masters and men, and greater safety would be insured, for explosions would be all but impossible, whilst the miners would be better able to guard against falls of roof and coal."

An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.—*Spanish Proverb.*

Our Wives.

A married gentleman of our acquaintance takes pleasure in announcing that "the highest ambition of a female mind should be to cook a good dinner."

Without agreeing with this gentleman to the extent of such a sweeping assertion, every sensible woman will admit that a certain knowledge of cookery is indispensable to the maintenance of a happy household and a contented husband.

Old wives will tell young ones that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and this fact, however painful to romantic young ladies, becomes more apparent at each succeeding year of married life. It is only natural that men should become somewhat gross by contact with the vulgarity of the world; somewhat exacting in their demands; a little ill-humored, perhaps, if the salad does not please them, and very delightfully conversational if the dinner goes off well.

These objectionable traits must be taken along with the superior virtues of honor, manliness and constancy, as the quartet accompanies the streak of gold. It is foolish to wish it otherwise, for a man devoid of these faults would undoubtedly be effeminate, and be, therefore, an unworthy object of hero worship.

A young woman during the first week of her married life entertains vague suspicions that the above statements are true. Her Charles, who is almost, if not quite, exempt from human failings, has already manifested a profound admiration for her piety, and has expressed his detestation of overdone mutton. She accordingly builds up within her a fortress of resolution, in which to guard that sacred treasure of a husband's affection. In her girlishhood this young woman had spent much time in cultivating her musical taste, in reading Emerson and Carlyle; she had been fond of pretty landscapes, and could use her pencil with effect, and she had been heard to declare with pride that when she married she would give up none of these things.

But now, at the end of ten years of matrimony, and we will find that she has broken her vow and thrown it to the winds. We find a tiresome sort of person whose whole intellect is absorbed in attending to the cares of housekeeping, and in getting stylish dresses for her children. Her conversation seldom rises above the level of infant gossip and servants, and the only ideas developed by time and experience are expressed in her conviction that men are the most unaccountable and selfish of creatures and women the most abused and self-sacrificing.

There is a great evil somewhere, but what is it? The husband acknowledges to himself that he is disappointed in the wife he has chosen, and yet he finds fault in pointing out his mistake, and can hardly find cause to blame her, for is she not a faithful wife, a devoted mother, and a most frugal manager? The mistake is a national characteristic. So passionate and intense is the American mind in pursuit of its temporary interests, the man will suffer the chains of business to bind them down, and throttle them while their wives bend beneath a similar yoke of duty at home.

What is lacking is the power to rise above the petty annoyances of daily life; we need to learn to distinguish trifles from affairs of moment, to know that every mole hill is not a mountain. We need not forsake the upper strata of sentiment, thought and idealism—the atmosphere of the soul—because of the small and vexatious, in which our feet are told to tread. To breathe in the one is to receive strength and refreshment for exertion in the other. It is a very good plan to pick up needles and pins, and to do so, as the old adage says, ought not to be made the chief object of existence, for if we move along with our heads constantly downward, we most assuredly will see nothing better than pins and needles to the end of our days.

Self-culture is the duty of every human being, and lies within the reach of every human will. A wife does her husband great wrong who allows herself to sink into an inferior position by his side, for a woman's influence is widespread and penetrating, bearing directly upon the taste and inclination of her husband. No amount of stockings to darn ought to excuse intellectual stagnation.

"Pull Down That Dress."

If Irish wit is jolly and sparkling, Dutch wit is none the less sharp and pithy. The Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Mills, in a historical address at the dedication of a beautiful chapel erected in memory of his wife, by H. H. Hargen, Esq., presented to the Reformed (Dutch) Church at Port Jervis, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1878—relates the following incident of Dominie Vas, of Hingston, who at times from 1710 to 1732 preached in the old Dutch church then standing near where Port Jervis is now situated.

His wife was Joanne Durland, the daughter of a rich merchant of Amsterdam, possessing great beauty of form and countenance, quiet in her manners, well-educated, and moving in the highest circles of society. The wife of Dominie Vas had acquired in her native city a love for display with the arts of social life, which made her the model of fashion for the ladies of Hingston in her day, and at the same time an exceedingly useful woman to her husband, and those under his charge. Tradition has handed down many testimonies of her exceeding great charms. It is said of her that, when she had her receptions in the old parsonage, as well as when out to see her neighbors, this good woman would coquetishly display a scarlet-bordered petticoat, then in fashion, by raising the skirt of her dress just a little. The manners of the town were so modest and simple in those primitive times that offense was taken at it, and gossip began to say that the Dominie's wife was not just what she ought to be. The scandal was stopped, however, by the Dominie's advice, but not until his Consistory (Elders) had requested him to "see that his wife do let her frock hang full length." Also for that the Consistory had they lived in this degenerate day! A sorry time of it they would have in getting ladies' dresses to hang at full length.

APPLE PUFFS.—One pint of sweet milk thickened to a stiff batter with sifted wheat flour, well beaten, smooth and light, add the yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt, three thin slices of cream of tartar, one tablespoonful of soda, then grate five or six spicy apples and mix through the batter, lastly add the whites of the eggs whipped very light with a "Dover," and with a clean wet spoon drop here and there into boiling fat, which has depth, so it will puff up, instead of spreading out like pancakes. Serve hot with sugar.

Various Notes.

The Boston public library now has 360,000 books.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher has preached a sermon in favor of cremation.

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, February 13, 1879.

Geo. M. Mott is the authorized agent of this paper in Sacramento for collecting advertisements and subscriptions, collecting bills, etc.

Every letter or communication to the DEMOCRAT should bear the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.

Town and County Matters

O'Connor's Sentence—He Gets 21 Years

A large crowd assembled at the Court House Friday afternoon to hear the sentence of O'Connor, who had been convicted of murder in the second degree during the late term of the District Court held at this place. Promptly at 2 o'clock p.m. Sheriff Barney escorted the prisoner into the presence of the Judge, who at once proceeded to impose the sentence as follows:

The Court: "Mr. O'Connor, you were indicted by the Grand Jury of the county of Yolo, for the crime of murder, in killing one Hugh Keeler. That indictment was presented in proper form to the County Court of this county, and by the order of that Court it was regularly and properly certified and transferred to this Court for trial. Upon that indictment you were in due time arraigned and entered a plea of not guilty. Upon that plea you were tried by a Jury of your own selection—a Jury of twelve impartial, good and lawful citizens and taxpayers of this county. That Jury, by its verdict, duly returned to this Court, found you guilty of murder in the second degree. This is the day and hour appointed by the order of the Court as the time for pronouncing sentence and judgment upon that verdict. Here you may cause to show at this time why the judgment of the Court should not be pronounced upon that verdict."

The counsel for defendant here submitted a motion in arrest of judgment and another for a new trial, both of which were denied, and sixty days were allowed in which to prepare and serve a bill of exceptions.

The Court: "No sufficient cause appearing why the judgment of the Court should not be pronounced upon that verdict, it becomes my duty to fix the time of imprisonment. The law provides that the penalty for murder in the second degree shall be imprisonment in the State Prison for a term not less than ten years, and I may extend to life. I have heard the evidence given in this case, and have considered it well—it was necessary to do so in order to determine the extent of punishment that should be inflicted. The crime committed by the defendant, and for which he has been found guilty by the Jury, is a serious one, and I must remark here that the defendant should feel exceedingly grateful to the gentlemen who have acted as his counsel, and who have displayed great ability, learning and efforts in the case, and I might say that probably the defendant is under obligations to his counsel for having received a verdict of a lighter grade of offense than that of which the Jury might have been justified in finding him guilty. But not to protect the remarks, after due consideration, it is ordered, adjudged and decreed by the Court here, that the defendant, Thomas O'Connor, be confined and imprisoned in the State Prison of the county of California for the term of twenty-one years, said term of imprisonment to commence at the time of his delivery at the prison. It is further ordered that he be remanded hence to the custody of the Sheriff of the county of Yolo to be said Sheriff, in due time, delivered to the Warden or other proper officer of the State Prison, and that he be there confined in pursuance of this judgment."

Death of an Estimable Young Man

Paul P. H. Zastrow, son of C. F. Zastrow, of this city, who died on the 6th instant, was an estimable young man, and one who will be greatly missed in this community. His death is a terrible affliction to his parents and his two sisters—it would seem to be the more so as he was an only son. Paul was born at Neosho, Wisconsin, July 6th, 1854, and consequently was aged 24 years and 7 months. He was a member of the Lutheran Church, and died in the hope of a blessed immortality. At the age of ten years he entered the Lutheran University of Wisconsin, from which he graduated with honors after completing a full academic course. His father being owner of flouring mills at East Troy, Wisconsin, Paul then, besides working in the mill, took charge of the books, living with his family until he came to California. In the Spring of 1878, he came to Sacramento. In the Fall of the same year he was followed by his parents and sisters to this State, when the family located in Woodland, Paul taking a position in the extensive mercantile establishment of F. S. Freeman & Co., as principal book-keeper, which position he held until July of last year, giving entire satisfaction to his employers and retaining the respect of all with whom he came in contact. But at this time falling illness compelled him to leave his post, (as he hoped, only temporarily), but he was never able to return to it again, though he sometimes felt considerably better. On the 24 day of February he was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs. A physician was summoned, who relieved him temporarily, but he was again attacked with hemorrhage on the 6th, which ended his life in a very short time by strangulation. This has passed from our midst a young man who had endeavored himself to all who knew him, and who, if his life could have been spared, would have made a prominent business man in the community.

The New Prospect

New life has been infused into everything since the rain. Over two inches have fallen, more than was absolutely necessary at this time, but not more than we want, by any means. It came just in the right time, too. But a small amount of land remains to be sown, many having got in their crops just in time to get the full benefit of the rain. As the weather will doubtless turn out warm from this time, we may expect a rapid growth of vegetation. This is especially desirable on the grape-land, as the seed has been so short during the winter that stock of all kinds, and especially sheep, have suffered greatly. From our knowledge of the situation in this county we can only conclude that the prospect for abundant crops is flattering. In fact a complete failure is entirely out of the question. We extend congratulations to all our readers, and hope the prospect may continue as favorable as at the present time.

Queen Esther

We are pleased to learn the management of this beautiful cantata is meeting with encouraging success from all our musical people. We hope this effort to bring out the musical and dramatic talent of Woodland will prove a general success. We are informed the Oratorio of Esther will be given in Woodland two or three evenings, and the proceeds of one or more evenings will be donated to the Library and Relief Societies. Let there be a full rehearsal to-morrow evening at the Congregational Church.

Board of Supervisors

Board met at 10 o'clock p.m. Monday, Feb. 10th, 1879. All the members present.

Ordered that Roadmaster Norton tender the sum of \$1 to Jacob Mosbacher for right of way for No. 120.

Ordered that David Magowan be allowed the sum of \$20 out of Contingent Fund for work on the County roads.

Adjourned till 9 o'clock a.m. Tuesday.

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Proposed New Railroad

A call is published in the Santa Rosa Democrat for a public meeting at the City of Sonoma to devise ways and means for building a railroad from Santa Rosa to Napa Junction, on the California Pacific Railroad. The "call" reads:

SANTA ROSA, NAPA JUNCTION AND VALLEJO RAILROAD—PUBLIC MEETING—The citizens of Sonoma, Napa and Contra Costa counties are requested to attend a public meeting at the City of Sonoma, on Monday, February 18th, 1879, at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a company, and devising ways and means for the building of a Railroad from Santa Rosa to Napa Junction. The citizens of these counties, and especially those residing in the surrounding country, are especially urged to give this important enterprise their careful consideration and earnest support.

By order of the Citizens' Executive Committee of Santa Rosa.

J. T. KINGSBURY, Secretary.

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County Clerk D. M. Burns is on a visit to

San Francisco on the first day of the month.

For horse posters in any style call at the DEMOCRAT office.

Green, of the Colusa Sun, is emulating Bret Harte in the story line.

County papers give good accounts of the crops this season.

Deputy District Attorney Clark of Winters, is over on business pertaining to the Courts.

Gentlemen who are fond of good horses may refer to the card of Pockman & Smith in this paper.

Ex-District Attorney F. E. Baker is suffering from a severe cold on his left hand, and is unable to do his usual work.

We see by the St. Helena Star, that Ely Hayes of this county has purchased a ranch near the toll house on St. Helena mountain.

Mr. John W. Freeman finished up his seedling of over 800 acres to wheat Saturday just half an hour before the train began to fall.

Thomas McCanna, proprietor of the race car track in the Western Addition, is prepared to do good work in his line, at liberal rates. Give him a call. It should be done.

High water in the principal streams of the county is now expected, as the snow on the mountains will be melted by the warm rains which have recently fallen.

W. A. Hall, formerly with Blum & Co. at Winters, afterwards with Alexander, of this place, and at present with a dry goods firm in San Francisco, is on a visit to Woodland.

The little daughter of John Taylor, of the Union Hotel, Knights Landing, who was injured by falling off the porch of the hotel some days ago, died Feb. 9th, at 12 o'clock.

Without an excellent time for this planting out seed and shrubbery. The project will be done without delay. Soon Spring will be upon us, and then it will be too late. Now is the time.

The next District Lodge L. O. G. T. will be held at Knights Landing. These meetings are held quarterly, and are of great interest to the members of the order.

The Solano Times says a gentleman stopping at Napa a short time since saw what he supposed to be a Napa girl, but afterwards ascertained that it was only a Napa girl's button.

Read the advertisement of Little's Living Age, which appears in another column, and you will see the value of the medicine. See the special inducements held out for subscribers for 1879.

Uncle Sam Morling, President of the Board of Supervisors, was a smiling countenance yesterday over the advent of the glorious rain. Mr. Morling is a farmer and has a right to feel good.

Call at the old Pioneer Store of A. Nickelsburg & Co. (Freeman's Building) and make your purchases of dry goods, groceries, etc., before the consolidation of our stocks of both stores in one.

The National Gold Medal was awarded to Henry Clark, of this city, for the best photograph in the United States, and the Vienna Medal for the best in the world. 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Henry Clark, son of Jesse Clark of this place, fell down a flight of stairs, and was injured Saturday. Medical assistance was called immediately and the young man was soon brought around all right.

The store of Huston Bros., at Black's Station, recently purchased by J. D. Langenour at Sheriff's sale, has been reopened by the purchaser, who will continue a general merchandise business there.

The entertainment given by the Good Templars in Woodland, Saturday night, was well attended, and the performance quite creditable. A report of the proceedings of the District Lodge will appear to-morrow.

We should have mentioned ere this that E. G. Hearnlein, who, by the way, is one of the best painters in this State, has opened a shop in one of his own buildings on Main street, nearly opposite the Exchange Hotel.

The San Jose Herald gives the funny name of the Post credit for extreme candor when the latter despondently says: "It is a characteristic feature of San Francisco journalism that it will not flourish under its influence."

Madame Doret, the confidence woman who paid Woodland a visit a few days ago, had folded her tent like the Amerer and silently skipped away, leaving several people from two bits to two dollars the worse off from her visits.

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, February 13, 1879.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

Twenty-two of the thirty-eight States have democratic governors.

Donn Platt says: This District of Columbia is only a national door-mat for Administrations to wipe their feet on, and Lord help us but they are very dirty feet generally!

There are nearly 300 Chinese merchants doing business in San Francisco whose trade with China amounts to nearly \$10,000,000 a year, nearly all the profits of which go to China.

Paper teeth are a new invention in Germany and a number of specimens were displayed at the late paper exhibition at Berlin. They are warranted fully as durable as any other teeth.

The Prescott Miner says the Republican party have a large majority in Arizona, and urge organization. The Prescott Enterprise says the Democratic party has 1,200 majority, and is trying to organize.

There is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.

The country just north of Reno is full of prospectors, all of whom are busily engaged in developing ledges. Several shafts are being sunk, and in some places ore is being taken out. Assays ranging all the way from \$14 to \$20 are had of the croppings in several places.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that the Central and Union Pacific Railroad, must, after payment of interest on their first mortgage bonds, pay the five per cent, of their net earnings since 1869 towards liquidation of the principal and interest of their second mortgage indebtedness to the Government.

Isaac T. Ripley, clerk in the Appraisers' Department of the Boston Custom House, has been longer in the service of the Government than any present incumbent. He received his appointment to the position now holds in 1877, during the term of David Henshaw as Collector, forty-one years since, a period covering the entire terms of fourteen Collectors and portions of the terms of two others.

The origin of the plague in Russia is thus given: A Cossack returning from the war to Wietianska, brought his lady love a shawl, which she wore two days and sickened, with all the symptoms of plague, and died. The following four days other members of her family died. The disease spread rapidly, the local authorities not paying any attention to it till half of the inhabitants died and the remainder were unable to bury the victims.

The Portland Standard has the following: Notwithstanding it was claimed that the run of salmon in the Columbia last season was much lighter than in 1877, the exports of canned salmon were seventy thousand cases larger than in that year. The entire export of last season was 460,000 cases. Already the work of manufacturing cans for the coming season has commenced, and hopes are entertained that the run will be equal if not superior to last year.

Hard Times. "Madam, you give us a bite to eat!" asked a tramp of a San Jose lady; "I am afflicted with heart disease and can't work."

"Indeed, sir, I cannot feed so many men. Beggars come here every hour, and I must turn some away."

"No doubt of it, ma'am, no doubt of it, but there's some that's worthy and some that isn't. Ever since I was crippled at the Chicago fire, I—"

"Oh, don't rehearse that old story. It was worn out long ago."

"It was that? Well, could you help a Georgia survivor along toward his home?"

"They are too plenty, I fed three of them this morning, you had better carry such stories somewhere else."

"Could a noble French exile, who was driven from his beloved native soil on account of his political views, successfully strike you for a little assistance?"

"French exiles call upon me daily. I cannot aid you."

"Well, ma'am, times are a little harder 'an harder. If some steamer don't get lost soon or some great catastrophe make a bow to the public, I'll be next to impossible for us voluntary tourists to worry through life. So long, ma'am."

Deceased. "Old Tom," well known among the printers of this State, and more especially familiar to all visitors to this office, departed this life last evening. Thomas was a large and very handsome blonde man. For seventeen years he was the universal pet of all who did business with the office of the Union and Record-Union, and was always a prominent feature of the press-room. He was the especial protégé and pride of the late Gus Kirby, and had gradually failed in health since that gentleman's decease. (A strict regard for the frozen truth might cause the suggestion to be made that the deceased aged as much to do with his grief.) He was noted for the possession of an abundance of all the good qualities for which cats are held in esteem, and was especially praised by the typographical fraternity for his antagonism to rats. He will receive a proper interment, and all the attaches of the establishment will pronounce over his grave, "Requiescat in pace."

Requiescat in pace.

The Tunnel Under the British Channel. The reason why the Channel Tunnel Company recently ceased their operations in St. Margaret's Bay is stated to be that, when the reports as to the soundings between Sangatte and St. Margaret's Bay were handed in by the surveyors, it was found that to cut a tunnel between those points would entail an enormous amount of work in sinking. The site in question has, therefore, been finally abandoned. The scheme now before the company provides for the sinking of a new shaft at or close to Dover. The site on the French side at Sangatte, near Boulogne, is still looked upon as the best that could be chosen for the commencement of the tunnel. The shaft sunk there is nearly 70 meters, and the engineers consider that when they have got 10 meters further down the horizontal cutting may be commenced. The engineers of both countries agree that the opening of the tunnel is the most difficult part of the undertaking, as a clayey soil has to be dealt with instead of chalk, and the intrusion of water causes much trouble. Scientific American.

The Dark Day. An old lady living on the little Colorado, says the Arizona Miner, who has attained to the comfortable old age of 128 years, was 30 years of age at the time of the dark day, of which she has a vivid recollection, and noted many interesting incidents which took place with her people, the Spanish, and also the Indians who were more superstitious. The Spaniards buried all their savings, and the Indians had a goodly number, while the Indians took to feasting on dogs and other animals. The "dark day" was so called on account of the remarkable darkness which extended throughout America. The observation commenced about 10 o'clock in the morning of May 19, 1870, and continued till the middle of the next night. Birds sang their evening song, disappeared, and remained silent; fowls went to roost, cattle sought the barnyards, and candles were lighted in the house. The true cause of this remarkable phenomenon is not, and probably will never be known.

Letter From Folsom.

Folsom, Feb. 3, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT.—The weather since the late rains has been lovely. A light tinge of green is now beautifying hill and valley. A few more such days and vegetation will make rapid advancement in growth. The American river was higher during the late storm than at any time last winter, though it is now rapidly falling.

There appears to be an epidemic among the laborers at the Branch Prison. It seems to be the most skilled physicians, and is known here as the noonoma. Some of our county officials have administered an antidote: with what effect yet remains to be seen.

Mormon Island, which is near this place, still retains its old attractions for the Latter Day Saints. One of their shining lights has been figuring conspicuously in that vicinity, holding protracted meetings, etc. Quite a revival has taken place within the last week, a good many having joined the Church, and on Monday last eight persons were baptized.

H. Mette, proprietor of the Red Rock Vineyard, which is near this place, will give a grand masquerade ball on the 22nd.

Farmers are now jubilant, as the prospects for good crops are flattering.

V. T.

Sacramento Items.

[From the Bee.]

During January ninety-four prisoners were confined in the Sacramento County Jail. Thirty-eight were discharged in the month for various causes and the number on hand February 1st was fifty-six.

D. E. Callahan, County Treasurer, reports the sum of \$147,673.19 on hand to the credit of the County Feb. 1st.

James Welch, the Conductor who had his leg broken about five weeks ago has recovered sufficiently to be able to move about on crutches.

N. A. Kidder, Harbor-master, reports that during January eight steamers made fifty-seven trips to the city, and were charged levee dues to the amount of \$205; sail vessels were charged \$21; the fish market and barges, \$33; total dues charged, \$259.

Recently, a young man giving the name of George Edwards, hired a saddle horse at J. W. Wilson's stable, stating that he desired to go up the river about twenty miles to look for some stock, promising to return that night or Sunday morning. He has not been heard from since, and it is presumed that he has stolen the property.

Jacob Shew, the well-known photographer who committed suicide in San Francisco recently, was formerly a resident of this city. He was prominent as a Republican in 1856 and thereabouts, when that party was just beginning to organize in this State. While a resident of Sacramento he was engaged in the same line of business as that he has since followed—that of photography.

Dixon Items.

[From the Tribune.]

Dr. Simms undertook to prove that women are better than men by saying the former do not break into houses by night to murder and rob. A friend suggests that a sufficient explanation is because the women are afraid to go out in the dark.

Captain F. O'Grady, of Vallejo, and George Frahm went up to Sacramento last week Friday, to try to secure the annual encampment of the brigade of the National Guard for this District at Dixon. Their effort was not successful, but Mr. Frahm is making active efforts to have the Vallejo Rifles camp here during the season.

A good deal of valuable information was given by Dr. Simms in his late lectures here, but the most interesting thing was how to tell a widow. When you see a lady and would like to know whether she is a widow, just go up and tickle her a little in the side, and if she leans affectionately over towards you, as a guinea pig would do under the circumstances, and seems to enjoy it, she is a widow; but if she gets mad and hits you on the head, or has her brother thrust you, it is safe to assume she is a spinster or a wife.

As stated by us last week, one of the families which went from here to the northern counties has already returned, and by the character of letters written by others we judge they would come back too, if they could get back. Some have written to their friends for money to help them get away, and we even hear of others who ask for cast-off clothing. The great drawback in these counties—Shasta and Modoc—is the lack of market for their products. There is no credit afforded by the stores, and consequently those who went there without money are roughing it in the fullest extent of the term.

Column Items.

[From the Sun.]

All the income of this paper, except a bare living, is put on the paper, and hence each subscriber is a sort of stockholder in all we pick up in the way of advertising.

Our children captured a butterfly about a week ago. Is not this a little remarkable, to have them come out at this season of the year, and especially during such exceptionally cold weather? It may be that we have seen them at this season before, but we do not remember it.

Sam. Crossen went out last week and gathered a nice lot of mushrooms, had them cooked and ate a hearty meal of them, and immediately after was taken very sick and had every evidence of having been poisoned by them. He vomited very freely, however, and by that means was relieved, but was sick for several days. It is strange that people will keep eating a thing that occasionally contains a most deadly poison.

A good one is told on one of our large farmers, by his foreman. Before the late rain, when everything was looking blue, he was up early every morning, seeing to everything in person, and declaring that he must do the work of ten men himself. It set in and rained all night, and the farmer lay and enjoyed it. Next morning he did not get out as early as usual, and the foreman knocked at his door, to ask some question. "Is it raining yet?" he inquired from the inside. "Yes," responded the foreman. "Then it don't make a bit of difference what you do." He then turned over and went to sleep, and did not get up till noon.

Go Back.

Says a scientific paper: "Go back one century and we have no science. Go back another and we have lost philosophy; and one more takes us behind art. Lose another, and our traffic by land and sea disappears; go back and back still, and we find man a savage, digging roots with his fingers, and living on what our domestic animals would reject." It might have also added, says the San Jose Herald, that another jump or two in the same direction being made, we would find our illustrious progenitors discussing the political situation while hanging by their tails from the branches of trees.

The wages paid to Chinese labor in California amount to about \$22,000,000 a year, three-fourths of which is sent to China.

FASHION STABLES!

H. L. HARRIS. J. D. LAWSON.



Marders & Lawson, - Prop's.

This spacious, commodious and elegantly arranged stable is now open for the accommodation of the Public. THE BUILDING is a large, two-story brick, with splendid arched entrances, and is first-class in all its appointments. We will furnish at reasonable rates the Best Teams, the Finest Buggies and the Most Elegant Outfittings generally, that ever were driven out of a livery stable in this or any other town in California.

SP Don't forget the place: FASHION STABLES, N.W. Cor. Main and Railroad Streets. jal9dw

To the Public.

"THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF YOLO COUNTY" is beginning to assume a business shape. MR. DE PUE is in town negotiating for an office, and making other business arrangements for a vigorous prosecution of this valuable enterprise, and in a few days they will have a full force operating in all parts of the County gathering items from which to make up their Edition. Besides giving a general History and Illustrations, they propose to write up in the shape of Biographies, every land owner in the County; this will be a very interesting feature in their Volume, and will guarantee for them a very liberal patronage. We are requested to say that the name of the firm is changed from MOORE & DE PUE to [jal9dw] DE PUE & CO.

Woodland Meat Market!

A few doors West of Postoffice, BYRNS, GABLE & CO., Prop'rs.

ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Kept constantly on hand, and of the best quality, including Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork, Sausage, Lard, Etc., Etc. The Highest Price Paid for Fat Cattle, Hogs and Sheep.

A DELIVERY WAGON will carry meats to any part of town.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and all who favor us with their orders may rely on fair dealing. jal9dw

THOMAS & BIDWELL,

GROCERS,

FAMILY

Excelsior Block,

WOODLAND, - CAL.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Henry Clay, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Executor of the above named Estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office No. 177 K street, in the city of Sacramento, in the State of California.

ANDREW AITKEN, Administrator. J. E. BAKER, Attorney. January 23d, 1879. jal2w6t

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Noble Clark, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Executor of the Estate of NOBLE CLARK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at the law office of J. C. BALL, Esq., at Woodland, in the County of Yolo, State of California.

J. C. BALL, Attorney. Jan. 23d, 1879. jal2w6t

Notice to the Public.

Having sold our Dry Goods and Grocery business in Woodland to Nickelsburg Bros we shall still continue to carry on our store of General Merchandise at Capay, and shall enlarge and make a our Hardware and Agricultural Implement store in Woodland first-class. We shall give special attention to Wheat and Wool. F. S. FREEMAN & CO. jal9dw

WOODLAND MILLS,

J. M. RHODES, Proprietor.

ALWAYS ON HAND: Fine and Coarse Flour, Shorts, Bran, CORN MEAL, ETC. Grists and feed ground on short notice. Market Price Paid for Good Wheat. jal9dw

GREAT LIQUIDATION SALE!

Great Liquidation Sale FOR SIXTY DAYS ONLY!

This Great Liquidation Sale will commence at the

GREAT SAN FRANCISCO AUCTION STORE!

NOVEMBER 20th, 1878,

AS THE FIRM IS GOING INTO LIQUIDATION!

WE WILL SELL YOU FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS,

At Astonishingly Low Figures,

FOR CASH ONLY,

Any of the Articles enumerated in the following Price List:

Black Alpaca.....25c per yard
Basket Cloth, all shades.....25c
Good Fine Black Cassimere.....75c
Poplins, all shades.....25c
5 Spools Cotton for.....\$1.00
10 yds best Prints for.....\$1.00
10 yds best White Rock Muslin.....1.00
10 yds best Lonsdale Muslin.....1.00
10 yds good Canton Flannel.....1.00
1 doz Linen Towels.....1.00
4 yds good Shaker Flannel (3/4).....1.00
5 yds good Shaker Flannel (3/4).....1.00
8 yds good Ticking.....1.00
Best Brussels Carpet, choice patterns.....95c
Best Hemp Carpet.....20c
Best Ingrain Carpet.....37 1/2c
8 Ply Carpet from 75c to.....\$1.00
Marble Oil Cloth.....50c

Good Men's Heavy Cottonade Pants, \$1.00 and upwards.

Good Men's Heavy Sateen Pants, \$1.50 and upwards.

Good Men's Cassimere Pants, all wool, \$3.00 and upwards.

Diagonal Pants, from.....\$2.50 to \$6.00

Good Cassimere Suits.....\$10.00

Boys' and Youths' Suits at very low figures.

Best Overall, Leather Fastened.....50c

Good Knit Under Shirt and Drawers.....40c

Red Shaker Flannel Shirt and Drawers.....\$1.00

Canton Flannel Shirt and Drawers.....40c

Good Wool Cassimere Over Shirts.....\$1.00

Bleached Table Linen, per yard.....60c

BOOTS & SHOES.

Heavy Men's Boots per pair.....\$3.00

Men's Buckle Shoes, ".....2.00

Ladies' Calf Shoes, ".....1.37 1/2

Misses Calf Shoes, ".....1.13

Children's Calf Shoes, ".....1.00

Ladies' Fine Button Shoes, per pair.....2.00

Ladies' Fine Kid Fox Shoes, per pair.....1.25

Ladies' and Gents' Plush Slippers, per pr. 75c

And a Great Many Articles, too numerous to mention, at the same Low Figures!

REMEMBER, THIS IS ONLY FOR SIXTY DAYS!

Until further notice don't ask for credit, as it will be strictly refused. The place where you can get these BIG BARGAINS is at

THE GREAT SAN FRANCISCO AUCTION STORE!

Where the Large Red Flag can be seen by all!

GOSLINER & CO.,

no21w NEXT DOOR TO BANK OF WOODLAND.

SMITH'S

PIANOS AND ORGANS

.....AT.....

WHOLESALE PRICES!

.....AND.....

Excelsior Block,

83,000 SMITH'S ORGANS

40,000 PIANOS NOW IN USE.

Each Instrument Warranted for Ten Years!

Send for Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists to

JAMES S. SMITH,

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT,

575 Market Street, San Francisco.

BRANCHING OUT.

S. T. PENDEGAST & CO.

Have added to their large stock of Boots and Shoes a full line of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Our Stock is Entirely New and of the Latest Styles.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY.

The finest qualities of Ladies' Shoes always on hand

Agent for the New Wilson and American Sewing Machine.

OPPOSITION TO IMPOSITION!

Just Arrived: A Large Assortment of Patterns!

CALL AND EXAMINE EARLY!

One door East of Greene's Jewelry Store.

PRICES DOWN TO THE RED-ROCK!

Suits to Order.....\$28 to \$55.

Pants.....\$5.50.

No Chinamen Employed.

A. BUTZ, MERCHANT TAILOR.

jalw

WOODLAND.

Daily Democrat.

Published every morning except Saturdays,

and sent through the Postoffice at \$6.00 a

Year, or furnished by Carrier in town at 15

Cents per Week.

Persons desiring to change from the Weekly to the Daily can do so at any time by informing the Carrier or by leaving word at this office.

THE YOLO DEMOCRAT.

Published every Thursday. A large 7-column 8-page Weekly, containing an immense

amount of reading matter, embracing all

Local Occurrences, Telegraphic and General

News, full Commercial Reports, a great variety

of Miscellaneous matter, etc.

\$3 a Year, in Advance;

OTHERWISE, \$4 A YEAR.

JOB WORK

The DEMOCRAT Office is now prepared to do

all kinds of Office and Fancy

JOB PRINTING.

Large additions having recently been made

to this department, of a Gordon Press,

Plain and Fancy Types, etc., we are

BETTER PREPARED

Than ever before for giving satisfaction to

our numerous patrons in this department.

Lawyers' Transcripts and

Briefs

Printed in the Most Approved Style

PAMPHLETS OF ALL KINDS,

CIRCULARS AND LETTER HEADS

BILL HEADS, LEGAL BLANKS,

Business and Visiting Cards,

LABELS, WRAPPERS,

POSTERS AND HANDBILLS,

And everything else in the way of Printing

either plain or in colors.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY!

CONDUCTED BY J. G. HOLLAND,

The Handicraft Illustrated Mag-

azine in the World.

The American edition of this periodical is

More Than 70,000 Monthly.

And it has a larger circulation in England

than any other American magazine. Every

number contains about one hundred and fifty

pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original

wood-cut illustrations.

ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1878-79.

Among the attractions for the coming year

are the following:

"HAWORTH," a serial novel, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "The Little Lord," "The Secret Garden," etc.; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by Geo. W. Cable, to be begun on the conclusion of "Falconberg." This story will exhibit the state of society in Louisiana about the years 1830-45, the time of the Cession, and a period